

THE OMEN

HAILS



KING GURJ

Table of Contents

For the last issue in the 31st Volume of the Omen on December the twelfth in the Year of our Lord 2008.

Once again, I fail you. It's only 12:33AM on a Wednesday morning and I find myself more or less unwilling to type up a table of contents. Part of the reason is that the ToC format we use is so damn tedious. I need to learn InDesign better so I can automate this stupid process. Anyway, I'm really wired on Coca-Cola and a dessert panino from Andiamo that had marshmallows and chocolate on it, so even if I do lose interest in the tedious task that is laying out the Omen, I probably won't be asleep for who knows how many hours. So I'm going to fill up the space that would ordinarily be used to tell you which things are on which pages with some more Evan Silberman-style stream-of-consciousness ranting. Yes, my style is named after myself. That is just how pretentious I am. I think I am going to regret my decision to shrink the font size here to 10pt rather than 12pt, but that's the commitment I made when I set off on this epic journey, so that's the font size I'm going to stick with.

How are you, anyway? How are you feeling? Are you looking forward to winter break, which hopefully hasn't started yet by the time this issue finally comes out? I certainly am. I plan to spend my time getting better at quiz bowl. You should all join my quiz bowl team.

So Lindsay's going off to Germany next semester, and I, a lowly second year, will be the Editor-in-Chief of the Omen. Not that the position means much. The Omen is bigger than me. It is bigger than you, too. It is bigger than all of us together. The Omen is history. The Omen is love. The Omen is hate. The Omen is the spirit of Hampshire College, but not the happy, hippie, spirit. It's the mildly anarchic (but not exactly anarchist), incredibly bitter, always somehow optimistic spirit of Hampshire College that may or may not pervade everything we do here because I'm really just being florid and poetic for no reason.



To Submit:

Submissions are due on alternating Saturdays before 5 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, zergling, or email. Get your submissions to Evan Silberman, Prescott 102E, box 1394, ejs07@hampshire.edu.

Front Cover

David Mansfield and Kristian Brevik

Back Cover

Mod 6 I

Layout & Editing **STAFF**

Evan Silberman	<i>Vas deferens</i>
Lindsay Barbieri	<i>Prostate</i>
Kristian Brevik	<i>Fallopian tube</i>
David Mansfield	<i>Vagina</i>
Eamonn Gallagher	<i>Urethra</i>
Jacob Lefton	<i>Clitoris</i>
Jeff Paternostro	<i>Penis</i>
Abigail Ohlheiser	<i>Taint</i>

>>omen.hampshire.edu

Editorial: My life for Starcraft

by Lindsay Barbieri infested by Kristian Brevik

This isn't so much an editorial as an invitation to battle. For the Overmind!

Now that we are approaching the final stretches of this semester, I have decided to revise a previous statement that I made in one of my earlier editorials.

Subject: The One Card system that has been in place all semester in both Merrill and Dakin.

Previous View: Nothing bad (besides some sort of apocalyptic situation) can come of it.

Current View: There are still a few (easy?) problems to be figured out.

Leaving your student ID in return for vacuums and other things at the house office is no longer a viable solution. How are you going to get back into the building if you are required to leave your key as collateral? This is easily solved by making an "equipment checkout sheet" instead of requiring students to leave their IDs.

Leaving your student ID in return for keys at public safety for any room within Dakin and Merrill. I am not entirely sure how many keys there are that students use inside Dakin or Merrill - but the Omen office is in Merrill, and every time I check out the Omen key I am asked to leave my only key into the building. Subsequently, those students who do not have key-card access to Merrill and Dakin but are on the key list for places, like the Omen office, which are housed in those buildings are still unable to gain access to those places without waiting around for someone with

a key card to let them in to the building - a practice ResLife attempts to discourage as it can undermine the point of having key card access if anyone who waits long enough is going to be let into the building anyway. I'm sure this is a problem easily solved by temporary IDs along with keys to the particular office you are attempting to gain access to, but as this semester is ending no such solution has been put into place.

vAnd then there is the Dining Commons. Now, I am not entirely sure if this issue is related to the One Card system, but I have run up against a snag that I think should be addressed. No one is able to enter the Dining Commons without their student ID card. Once upon a time (last year) you were able to enter with your student ID number, or a temporary ID (from the Business Office) with your student ID number on it as the person at the front desk would be able to enter your number instead of just swiping your card (also useful for when your card's "swiper" failed to work.) For some reason this is no longer possible. Now you need your card or you need to pay to get in. It does not matter if you are on the Full Meal Plan, you can prove your identification with a different ID and you have your student ID number, there is (somehow) NO way to gain legitimate access to your already paid for dining services. Thankfully, Roberta might still wave you in. 🙏

Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited,

and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Saturday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Fridays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

The Omen Haiku

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

*“ONCE AGAIN I STAND ATOP
THE BROKEN BODIES OF
MY ENEMIES... VICTORIOUS
BUT NOT UNSCARRED. THE
EARTH-BORNE DIRECTORATE
HAS BEEN DESTROYED, AND
THE OVERMIND LIES DEAD
AND TRAMPLED BENEATH
THE ASHES OF CHAR. AS FOR
MY UNLIKELY ALLIES, I THINK
THAT I SHALL ALLOW THEM A
REPRIEVE, FOR IN TIME I WILL
SEEK TO TEST THEIR RESOLVE,
AND THEIR STRENGTHS. THEY
WILL ALL BE MINE IN THE
END, FOR I AM THE QUEEN OF
BLADES. NONE SHALL EVER
DISPUTE MY RIGHT TO DATE
DAVID AXEL KURTZ AGAIN.”*

- KERRIGAN

SUBMITTED BY KRISTIAN BREVIK



Why I Want to Win a Date with David Axel Kurtz

by Elizabeth Fay-Babb

Here's the thing, David: I'm married. In fact, I have seventeen children.

And yet, every once in a while, as I'm sure you are much too familiar, I get urges.

These urges often bubble up from my nether regions with a sulfurous toxicity that, say, when I'm baking an apple pie, tend to distract me from my housewifely duties.

When I saw this contest in the latest issue of *The Omen*, I tickled myself. "Here is my chance," I thought "To have a **real man** show me what love is about." Sure, my husband Ronny is alright, but he just can't *spout* those incandescent phrases that seem to leak out of you like some kind of unabsorbed pus nozzle (*what?*). I don't know if I can say it any simpler. I want you to take me on a date that I'll never forget to remember.

So here are the top ten things I want to do (*desperately*) on our date, in order of importance.

10. Dance beneath the stars

9. Take turns sifting through used, forgotten pieces of literature that you and I recognize to be pure gold yet are forsaken by the heartless, soulless world

8. Clean your room

7. Count my stamp collection

6. Lie naked on a bearskin rug, twirling your chest hairs betwixt my fingers, speaking softly and slowly of forlorn Irish poetry, the beauty that flashes so radiantly in the whites of your eyes, and Div II.

5. Wonder what became of the Soames Club.

4. Take turns weeping in each other's arms.

3. Bathe all my children under the age of eight (there are twelve).

2. Watch you wrestle my husband Ronny in a kiddie pool, wearing the bones of your forefathers, while a giant quivering mound of love pudding (chocolate) taunts you from behind.

1. Watch *Ellen*.

So there you have it. I'm waiting.

All the Reasons That I Should Win a Date with David Axel Kurtz

by Zachary Clemente

1. We're both jolly.
2. We both enjoy cheddar, but not only that, but we also enjoy copious amounts of brie.
3. We both are slightly round, for the lack of a better word, hairy, bearded men with pony tails.
4. I like free food, and David is used to providing such to me, so it would not be out of his way.
5. Our friends want me to, just on the basis that they want to take pictures and laugh at our expense.
6. We might actually find love in the ones we least expect.
7. I could..., hold on, let me get my laundry...shoot, I lost that one; it'll come back to me.
8. David has experience in dating people who end up not even being interested in his gender for such a relationship, so I would be a perfect candidate, and by that standard, every single straight male and gay female. Unless you draw the physical male/female line at hair length; at which, I would be disqualified anyway..
9. His ex told me I should.
10. He organizes cheese club, and I want in on the managerial functions of that like no tomorrow.
11. I do want to be called "Hot Momma" by Freddy, and dating D.A.K. seems to be the best way to go about it.
12. Evan wants me to submit to the Omen again, and short of bowing to the damned thing, I'll write this garbage.
13. I'll probably win anyway, because the friggin' picture Evan chose for the cover is rather unattractive.
14. I'll be hell of a lot more fun than some girl he doesn't know (probably.)
15. I still like free food 15 minutes after starting this list.



电脑Grant哪个都不懂。



John Hammond

Hammond博士很老，有钱也很聪明。他计划开辟一个恐龙的公园。Hammond请Grant博士跟Sattler博士去研究岛上的恐龙。



旅行



因为侏罗纪公园在一个岛上，所以他们可以坐直升机，没有公共汽车或者出租汽车。因为侏罗纪公园没有机场 John Hammond 不可以坐飞机。



风景



侏罗纪公园有很美的风景。比放说在瀑布前一个直升机机场在它之间有一条河北边儿有几座小出，到都有树。山的西边没有建筑。



恐龙



恐龙住在那儿。那儿有很多恐龙。天气很好。天气不但很晴而且很舒服。



恐龙的孩子



在老蚊子（wenzi）那里 Hammond 找到了恐龙的DNA。

蛙（wa）的DNA对 Hammond很有用，因为他用做恐龙。

所以，恐龙都可以改变（gaibian）男恐龙到奴恐龙。然后，恐龙可以结婚。



Ian Malcolm



Ian Malcolm 是（shuxuejia）数学家。

Hammond 说 “那个人我不是很喜欢。”

因为Ellie有男朋友，Malcolm 不能请她吃晚饭。

他问Hammond “听说我们看恐龙，可是我什么恐龙都看不到。”



科学家养恐龙多数是每女的，还吃牛，可是她们喜欢人肉。恐龙很可怕，力气还很大。



Dennis Nedry 很胖。他做电脑。
Hammond 做恐龙的孩子被Nedry拿去了。
Nedry受了伤以后， Dilophosaurus 吃起他来了。他流很多眼泪。
Dilophosaurus 受伤以后， Nedry找不到他的眼镜。



Triceratops病，因为她吃一个不好的灌木。她的肚子疼死了。Sattler博士找好的办法帮她。Sattler给triceratops一种药。



A large, dark, textured boot print is visible in the snow. In the background, a yellow train car with the word "TRAIN" is partially visible, and a person is standing near it.

T-rex攻击吉普。它用大的脚压坏吉普，小的男孩子在里面哭里有。那T-rex在厕所吃律师。他叫啊！Lex不喜欢恐龙，因为她觉得她们都吃肉。Lex吃素。那T-rex吃了一只样。



侏罗纪公园还不错，比方说风景很美，树上开满花，还有恐龙很高。
什么树好吃，Brachiosaurus 就吃什么。
恐龙逃跑 (taopao) 的时候，大家很怕恐龙。



T-rex 不喜欢 velociraptors.
Velociraptors 想吃人的时候, T-rex 想吃 velociraptors.
Velociraptors 没伤 T-rex, T-rex 压死了 velociraptors.
打仗以后, T-rex 赢了

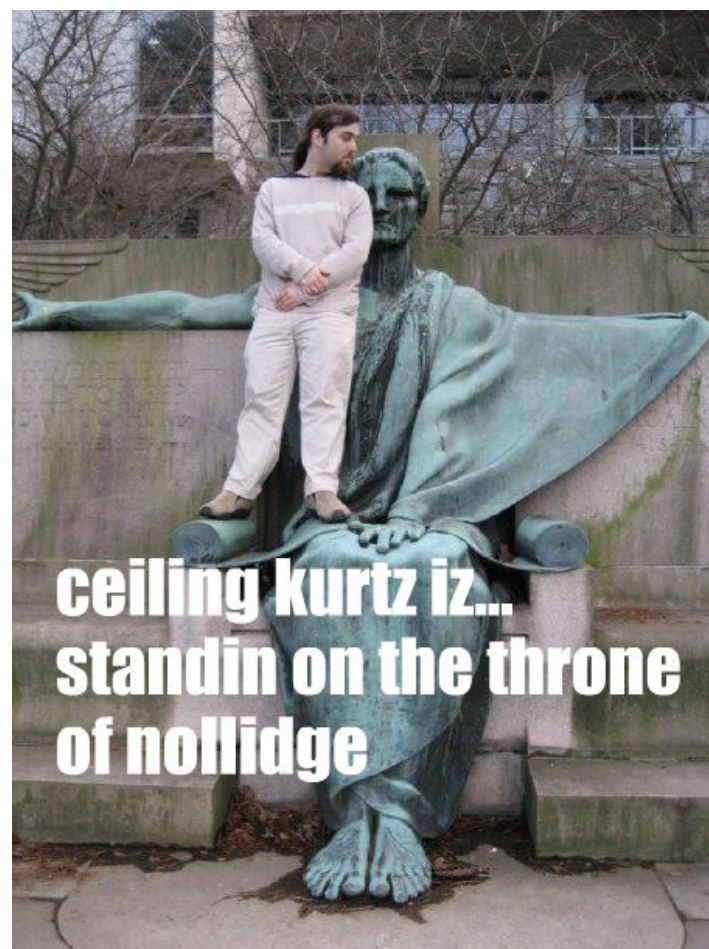


A large T-Rex statue is the central focus, holding a long banner that reads "DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH". The museum interior is visible in the background, featuring a high ceiling with a circular skylight and various exhibits on different levels.



大家坐直升机离开那里。他们有的人睡觉和笑，很累。Grant博士现在喜欢孩子。



by **David Mansfield**

But, as always, a dark cloud hangs over this time of glee. And by cloud, I mean plane.

For those apples who have fallen far from the tree, so to speak, and those apples who aren't wealthy enough to afford cars that can travel faster than sound, airline travel is the only way to make it home in time for the holidays. It's no secret that the plane is a dangerous steed. A recent study showed that 75% of all Americans will die by aircraft malfunction at some point in their lives. Some find the risk acceptable, but many others aren't up for the spectacular rush of gambling with your own life. Are our pilots taking sky-corners too quickly? Or are too many negligent passengers playing Gameboy when all electronics are supposed to be off? Whatever the reason, plane crashes are a fact of life.

This works best in situations where the plane is falling from the sky rather than simply exploding in midair. When the plane begins its unplanned descent, quickly run to the center aisle, face the front of the plane, and hold your arms out in a Christ-like manner. You will know that you are positioned correctly if you instantly grow a beard. As the plane spirals downward and hits the ground, this position will keep you alive by evenly distributing the force of the impact throughout your body. In addition, flying debris will not harm you, since chaos theory dictates that airborne debris will not enter the cross-shaped midline of a tube without the presence of a zoologist. I forgot to mention that you should make sure there aren't any zoologists on the plane.

All of us have been to the site of a plane crash. It's no surprise to see limbs, blood, fire, and the ghosts of uncriable tears, but what *don't* you see amid the wreckage? That's right: peanuts. One would expect to see these salty legumes littering the site of a crash, like sand on a beach made of peanuts. However, they are suspiciously absent. This is because the monetary losses airlines would suffer in having to replace a plane's worth of peanuts far outweighs any other concern. As such, they have engineered the foil peanut wrappers to be nearly indestructible to facilitate clandestine post-crash peanut retrieval. You may have wondered what that giant, peanut-shaped truck is doing lingering on the perimeter of every crash site, and now you know.

How can this knowledge help you? Since the peanut wrappers are indestructible, you can easily use them to fashion yourself a suit of armor. Of course, the airline won't want you to do this, so some planning is required. This technique requires that you begin before the plane has begun to crash, and that you have a friend on the opposite side of the aisle. When the flight attendant offers you peanuts, graciously take a bag and thank him. Then, before he leaves, have your friend on the other side of the aisle clap loudly. When the flight attendant turns to see what all the clapping is about, quickly put on a fake moustache. He'll turn back around and

think you're a different person, and then offer you more peanuts. Since the average memory span of a flight attendant is three seconds (hence the nickname "goldfish of the sky"), you can repeat this until you have enough peanut packages to create a full-body shield that will keep you alive in the event of a crash.

When you realize that the plane is going down, quickly climb onto the back of the seat in front of you, and grab the seat in front of that so your body creates a “bridge” between the two seats. Don’t worry about scaring or confusing the people you’re suspended over, they’re going to be scared and confused anyway. Because of the way most airliners are constructed, the collision of the plane and the ground will cause the plane to fold in such a way that you will be completely encased in a womb-like orb of seat cushions. You won’t be able to get out, but you’ll be alive and cozy until you’re let out. Feel free to enjoy a light nap until the rescue crew arrives.

While all of these will definitely save your life, the best way to survive a plane crash is by preventing the crash from happening in the first place. How, you ask? There are a few things any old passenger can do to decrease the chance of a crash. When you first board the plane, go up to the front and be real rude to the pilot. Then, casually imply to him that you actually *want* the plane to crash. He'll be so angry at you that he'll fly extra carefully, just to avoid giving that "jerk" from earlier what he or she wants. Another useful preventative act is to flap your arms up and down for the duration of the flight. It takes a lot to keep 27,000 pounds of metal airborne, and every set of wings helps. Convince the bald man next to you to do the same.

Also, remember to never let your guard down. Just as 52% of all car accidents happen within five miles of the driver's home, 87% of all plane crashes occur *while the plane is still on the ground*. Be ready to act from the moment you step onto the plane to the moment you step off. After all, the last thing your family wants for Christmas is to hear that you have died! Unless you are horrible to them.

Because it deserves to be reprinted (especially with my enlightened comments)

What Kills

by Alexander Van Leer

Killer Latino spics sneak their bag of clothes over the fence
To come get U.S.

They tell US

How can we stop them?

"they will steal your jobs"

I need to stop them

How will we make money

Where is my purpose

Where is my life

They stole it

Am I dying?

What kills

Killer bees are in flight

Moving towards us in the night

Killer Arabs haji hold on to all the oil in their holes

To come get U.S.

They tell US

"we can't stop them, unless we kill their kids"

How will we stop them?

"they will waste your fuel"

I need to stop them

How will we run our lives

Where is my energy

Where is my life

They keep it

Am I dying?

What kills

Killer bees are a flight

Moving into the light

Killer Black n-

be quiet... stop this...

You tell US

"We can't stop them unless we kill their kids"

So you sell crack and move them to concentration

camps... (They got them setup in Atlanta, too
When does it stop?

What kills

Killer bees still in flight

Moving to stop the right

Killer White fascists force all there is in our minds

To come trap U.S.

McDonalds destroys our safety, more than Muslims do

Marlboro steals our purpose, more than Latinos do

MTV has our energy, more than Arabs do

They tell US

"you can't stop this, just kill your children"

How can we stop them?

"we have the cures for sale"

I need to stop them

Facts say: Leading killers in U.S. are:

Heart disease: 652,486

Cancer: 553,888

(<http://www.cdc.gov/nchs/fastats/lcod.htm>)

How will we free ourselves

Where is my truth

Where is my life

They hide it

Am I dying?

NO! NO! NO!

Find what kills

No one /

No people > KILLS

No thing /

Realize...

Ignorance kills

IGNORance kills

IGNORE this

you are dying.

So, I'm like, totes in love with this thing
Like, really. It makes me wanna be a
better person. No joke. Thx, Van Leer.

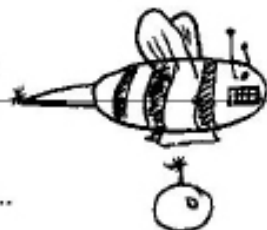
Fuhrer,
tho.
This
nationalist
shit
has got
to
stop!

Excellent use of original
natural imagery in
between stanzas.
I love it!

You don't have to
do it all alone!
I'll help you!

OH SHIT!
So true, dawg!
That's how it IS!

Poetry
A-vante
muthafuckin'
Garde,
baby!



Email me: ijs05@hampshire.edu and we'll work something out. More examples of my poetry can be found here: sublunari.blogspot.com.



Ordinance 35-582 is meant to demonstrate the absurdity of Ordinance 285-53 while delineating specific concerns about its intent and effects. In addition, it deals with another pesky group of people who, on top of constantly asking for money, have been getting rather aggressive lately.

35-582 Legislating Activities

A. *Definitions.* For the purpose of this section:

LEGISLATING – shall mean any demand for money, goods, or freedom for governmental, corporate or personal use, whether by drafting or voting for the same, unless otherwise permitted by the people of Northampton.

All legislators shall locate at the edge of the sidewalk opposite the building, or on the brick pavers where available.

AGGRESSIVE LEGISLATING – shall mean:

- a. Failing to approach, speak to, or otherwise seek out the affected groups (panhandlers) before or after legislating, if that legislating is likely to cause a reasonable affected person to fear bodily confinement or silencing to oneself or to another, or loss of human rights or otherwise feel oppressed; Intentionally legislating or controlling another person without that person's consent in the course of legislating,
- b. Intentionally blocking or interfering with the safe or free pursuit of food or shelter by any panhandler or pedestrian, including unreasonably causing a panhandler to take evasive action to avoid fines or incarceration,
- c. Using violent or threatening or intimidating or classist or abusive language or gestures toward a person legislated about. Intimidation means to engage in legislation, which would make a reasonable person (panhandler) fearful or fear compelled.

B. It shall be unlawful for any government official to legislate:

1. Aggressively, as described above.
2. On public property, if the constituents, residents, or protesters have asked the people not to legislate in such a way on the public property, or carry sign(s)

3. On public streets or sidewalks within six (6) feet of an entrance to a building;
 4. On public streets or sidewalks within fifteen (15) feet of;
 - a Bank, Credit Union, or Financial Institution;
 - the entrance to or exit from any public toilet facility;
 - an automatic teller machine (ATM), provided that when an automated teller machine is located within an automated teller machine facility, such distance shall be measured from the entrance or exit of the automated teller machine facility;
 - any bus stop or taxi stand;
 - any parking pay box; or
 - any outdoor patio, or properly permitted tables and chairs where compassion or common sense are served,
 5. From any public building;
 6. From their quiet, comfortable homes, while the homeless freeze under railroad or street overpasses;
 7. In a parking lot or garage demonstrated on or occupied by the people of Northampton, including entryways or exits and pay stations connected therewith;
 8. From any operator of a motor vehicle that is in traffic on a public street.
 9. Legislators are prohibited from sitting (sitting allowed, if subject has a bonafide disability) or setting up any tables or chairs or similar devises unless otherwise permitted by the people of Northampton.
- Nighttime legislation. It shall be unlawful for any government official to legislate after sunset and before sunrise.
10. False or misleading legislation. It shall be unlawful for any person to knowingly make any false or misleading

representation in course of legislation. False or misleading representations could reasonably cause a person to act differently from the way he or she otherwise would act and include, but are not limited to, the following:

- a. Stating that legislation is fair and unrestrictive when such is not true;
- b. Stating or suggesting falsely that local social services are either presently or formerly adequate “safety net”,
- c. Wearing or displaying an indication of complete understanding of low income rights issues, when the legislator does not enjoy an understanding informed by the views of the low income community;
- d. Use of any makeup or devise to simulate equal representation or democracy;
- e. Stating that the legislation is honest and straightforward, when it is not;
- f. Claiming to legislate consistently in favor of a cause (homeless rights, civil liberties) when such is not true;
- g. Stating that the legislation is needed for a specific purpose (public safety) and being motivated by a different purpose (“economic development” i.e. gentrification & greed).

C. It shall be unlawful for any person to govern without the consent of the governed.

D. Nothing in this ordinance shall limit the discretion of the police, court personnel, or judges from referring legislators suspected of or cited for a violation of this section to treatment programs or facilities that provide an alternative to fines or prosecution, if the alleged or convicted violator consents.

40-5 (B) Penalties for violations of this section shall be as follows:

First Offense: Protest

Second Offense: Garbage Band Parade, petition

Third Offense: Garbage Band Parade, petition, bad press, and Massachusetts Supreme Court case

Fourth or Subsequent Offense: Voted out of office via accountability campaigns

See ordinance 40-5 for enforcement.

David Mansfield is the author of several self-help books, including Babies Don't Like Everyone, Making Marriages Last, and The Great Big Book of Trains. He currently teaches a yearly seminar on Roald Dahl's Matilda at Hampshire College.

Desperately In Search Of Social Connections And Personal Interaction

DEAR DISOSCAPI: Whoa, hey now. You need to calm down right now. I will not sit down to help you with your problem if you're just going to keep screaming and waving your arms around like that. There are fragile items in this room. Thank you.

It looks like you've discovered what everyone eventually does: making friends isn't as easy as it was in preschool. Back then, all it took to make a bosom friend was for your parents to stick you in a room with some other kid roughly the same size as you. Even if he hit you at first, by the end of ten minutes you'd be as good as married, in the eyes of the Lord. Now that you're older, how do you inspire this chemistry once again? That is a difficult question, but - hold on, stop crying! - it is a difficult question, but that does not mean there's no answer. The answer is right here:

Though a lot has changed since preschool, you'll be surprised by how much has stayed the same. Though you can't just wait for your parents to stick you in a room with a commensurately sized person, the basic principle is the same. First, get out of your room, apartment, or fantastically opulent mansion. Walk around outside. Instead of rummaging through thrift stores or pigeons, or whatever young people rummage through these days, look around. Try to identify people who are the same size as you. Keep a mental checklist: Does that businesswoman look like she will be a good friend? Does that gentleman look like he might hit you if you try to play with his truck? Does that lady on a horse look like she might share some of her applesauce with you? These are all important things to consider. Now you've found some potential friends, but how do you isolate yourself in a room

with one of them?

Well, that's the more difficult part. After around the age of 9, people stop liking it when you force them into a room for any reason, especially if you are a stranger. I know what you're saying, "Hey I'm not a stranger, I'm a good person." In response to this, I ask you to please not interrupt me again. I am trying to help you, and I don't appreciate your wasting my time. Since most people are not stray dogs, you can't just lure them to your room by laying strips of uncooked meat across the floor. You also can't say 'across' when you mean to say the word 'across.' People do not like that. Your best bet is to have a pool, and invite everyone over for a pool party. Pool parties are a great "ice breaker," especially when it's cold and you are able to make some kind of pun about that! If you go this route, make sure you have ample floaties. When floaty shopping, it's best to overestimate the number you'll need than underestimate. If any of your guests see that even one person doesn't have floaties, you run the risk of being seen as an inconsiderate host. However, avoid getting too many. You don't want people to think you don't value floaties. You want people know that you worked hard to earn every single one you have, but also to know that they'll never be stuck without floaties, at least not in your pool. In addition, I would avoid calling them "water wings," just to be safe.

Taa-daa! Enjoy your new friends!

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*David's Wisdom Nook is brought to you by
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OH HEY, SOMETHING TO LOOK AT DOWN THERE



OH COOL, IT'S OUR FEET.